20c • JULY 5, 1954

Can "Soapy" Williams Win?

New Republic

WHY THE BRITISH ARE UPSET

By Richard Strout

Indo-China: Will the U. S. Compromise?

Mendes-France Moves Fast

Austria's Coffee-House Communists

BOOKS: Thomas Mann's "The Black Swan"

BANDWAGON: Big Chief Crow of Madison Avenue

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

T. R. B.

★

Washington Wire

Eisenhower has one last month to make the lackluster 83rd Congress pass his program. This is the crucial test. Ike wasted his first year in office, then last January dropped a two-year load into the hopper. Will Congress act? The pace quickens now and the big lobbies start to grind.

The tariff battle is lost. This was an issue where progressives backed Ike. He repeatedly promised to base his whole foreign economic program on "trade not aid" and now his ineptness has lost the fight. For reasons which we shall never comprehend he threw away his chance in 1953 by appointing an unnecessary study group which wasted the year in which Ike probably could have got what he wanted. In this second year he has his Randall Report but not the GOP votes to pass it. Ike agrees instead to a one-year, stop-gap extension and sadly says, "Wait another year." If you want a classic example of the fact that good intentions aren't enough, think of the tariff.

Progressives oppose the big new Eisenhower tax revision law. This probably will pass. It favors corporations and upper income brackets.

On the third great issue, farm prices, this particular column supports Ike. In our view Congress can't go on piling up surpluses of cotton and corn any more than it could of darning needles and fly paper. If Congress insists on passing another extension of rigid price supports and if Ike has the guts to veto the bill, then flexible prices automatically follow. Congress seems hell-bent on passing the bill, and we hope Ike has the courage to chuck it out. Personally, we are a fan of honest, simple Agriculture Secretary Benson and believe he has called his shots fairly and non-politically.

Some of the Eisenhower social legislation seems sunk or else, if it does pass, it will be a ghost of what is needed and of what was proposed last January. This includes unemployment aid, health, housing, education, pensions and legislation to aid the handicapped. The toughest battle in two years now starts over some of these measures. July will tell.

Some things we never shall understand! Here we are denouncing Britain and France for not permitting us to embark on vast military ventures in Indo-China and simultaneously the Administration cuts defense. America has dropped one Army division and is in process of dropping another. Somehow we can't believe defense is going to be cheaper with A-bombs. We are naturally shy, nervous and timid and the thought of an Administration that likes big military adventures—and reduced defense budgets—gives us the creeps at night. The watered-down $28 billion defense budget is now passed. Ike cut it first, and Congress has lopped off another billion. In fairness it should be said that even reduced it amounts to half the new obligational authority for all government expenses.

July starts a new fiscal year. The deficit this year is about $3.3 billion according to GOP book-keeping; a billion or so higher as Democrats figure.

CBS broadcaster Eric Sevareid called our attention to the current *Collier's* exposé of what the Administration has done to the State Department. It's good to see a husky mass circulation magazine striking up the full brass band after our own penny whistle. The *Collier's* story is complete and documented; it ought to be entitled "How Scott McLeod Wrecked the State Department," but isn't: in eight years not a single foreign service officer able to win promotion for merit, in two years not a single new junior officer taken into the service; the ablest college graduates (who used to compete for jobs) now avoiding the dead-end trap with its 13 month security clearance; morale ruined and the truth in foreign intelligence reports tailored carefully to satisfy any prejudiced Senator. A sad, sad story we think.

We might as well stick our necks out and show how dangerously subversive we are. We think Alger Hiss ought to get his pension, and we think the State Department is making a bad blunder over Guatemala. Ike is shocked that Hiss will get a $70-a-month federal pension after being convicted of perjury. We have come to the reluctant conclusion that Hiss lied, but this pension business is another matter. The court sentenced Hiss for his crime, but now the proposed retroactive pension cancellation means, in effect, that his sentence is increased. An automatic criminal penalty would be inserted in the civil pension law falling on a restricted class of people, federal workers, and on their innocent survivors. We fear these ideas. We fear Ike's proposal to "de-Americanize" citizens for certain crimes. This old Greek business of exile and retroactive breaking of contracts isn't part of the American tradition, and we want none of it.

As to Guatemala, anybody who ever read a foreign news dispatch knows that the United States is deeply suspect — rightly or wrongly (and we believe wrongly) —all over the world for alleged "imperialism," and for possible intervention behind the United Fruit Company in Guatemala. If these charges aren't true, how much wiser and easier it would be to let the UN investigate. America is innocent and it favors the UN; then why allow our UN Ambassador Lodge to create the dangerous precedent of blocking a full inquiry?

It has been assumed by Ike's critics that he is a well-intentioned, frank and open man. But his extraordinary order directing the Atomic Energy Commission, against its will, to contract with a private power company so as to by-pass TVA, is something else again. The pro-Eisenhower *NYTimes* denounces the plan, suggesting it could lead to TVA liquidation. Ike made an election pledge to support TVA but now he seems to be playing the game of the utility lobby and the power trust.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Noteworthy This Week

BEHIND THE HEADLINES

The President's Remarkable Firmness

THE Tennessee Valley Authority needs a new plant—with an installed capacity of 600,000 kilowatts—if it is to meet the demands of the Atomic Energy Commission: about 50 percent of TVA power goes to the AEC and another 25 percent to defense plants. But the Republican Administration does not want to appropriate funds to build this plant. So President Eisenhower has "directed" the AEC to enter "swift" negotiations with a private power syndicate to build a $107 million plant and supply present TVA customers so that the 600,000 kilowatts needed by AEC can be supplied. TVA has been ordered to cooperate. The plan will cost taxpayers some $4.5 million a year more than if TVA were allowed to build its own plant. Eisenhower's order has been opposed by three of the five Atomic Energy Commissioners as unsound, but they have chosen to be "good soldiers" and not buck the President.

In the Senate, Estes Kefauver and Albert Gore, both Democrats of Tennessee, have labeled the plan a maneuver to stop the growth of TVA at the expense of making AEC a "power broker." "This is about the same as directing the US Wild Life Service to run a brewery," says Kefauver. Since they are dealing with a Presidential directive, the Senators would have to pass positive legislation to stop the plan—an amendment to the next appropriation bill, for example, could limit the AEC's authority to sign long-term contracts.

On another tack, Rep. Chet Holifield (D, Calif.), a member of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, protesting what he considers a misuse of the Atomic Energy Act, has challenged the President's authority to override a majority of the Commissioners. The President's action has raised the fundamental question of just how independent is an Independent Agency. And there is considerable doubt as to his legal authority to give such an order. It is argued that since certain powers of the President over the agency are specified in the Atomic Energy Act, he is limited to them. If the AEC and TVA chose to take up Holifield's position, the question might have to be settled in federal court.

Holifield also has requested the Securities and Exchange Commission to hold "full hearings" on the syndicate which proposes to build the plant. He wants to know if they meet all the requirements of the Public Utility Holding Company Act. The provisions of this Act have been relaxed in the past so that similar syndicates could provide power for atomic plants at Oak Ridge and Portsmouth. The reason, however, was that those plants were "urgent defense measures," an argument which would not apply in this case.

The present syndicate comprises the Middle-South Utilities, Inc., and the Southern Co. Sen. William Langer (R, N. Dak.) says there is evidence of "monopoly influence" in its selection. And as Chairman of the Senate Monopoly Subcommittee, he is considering an investigation. A study of testimony before the Joint Atomic Energy Committee indicates that one member firm of a competing group withdrew from the bidding under pressure. The General Accounting Office now has recommended that the contract be awarded on a competitive basis after advertising, and if "monopoly influences" are shown to have determined the government's choice, legality would be in question.

Meanwhile, negotiations on drawing up a contract are just beginning. A minimum of 60 to 90 days will be required to produce anything which could be signed. Congress will have recessed. If the contract is not signed, because of opposition to the President's plan or inability to arrive at mutually satisfactory terms, TVA will not be able to ask for needed appropriations until next January when Congress returns. In which case a power shortage in one of our most critical defense areas will be unavoidable. Conservative estimates indicate that TVA output will fall 2 percent below need—some one billion kilowatt hours—by 1957 even if the needed plant is completed by then; if it is not, the shortage will approach 10 percent.

The President's plan to by-pass TVA and begin to squeeze it out of the picture will travel a rough road. Opposition in the Congress, already strong, is growing. Meanwhile, there is considerable speculation as to why a President who has been so reluctant to assert his authority in so many important issues is so quick to act in matters involving public vs. private power. There would seem to be a strong influence exerted on the President whenever the issue is raised. All the evidence points to Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams.

Yessir—peacetime use of atomic power

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bankers' Holiday

FEDERAL Savings and Loan Associations are familiar to almost everyone—certainly to anyone in the middle-income bracket who has ever built or thought of building a home. They supply credit at reasonable interest rates, asking the kind of collateral that the average person can hope to supply. These associations are chartered by the Home Loan Bank Board, established in 1934 by one of the early New Deal measures, and, since then, through competition, they have been instrumental in preventing interest rates from soaring even higher than they have. They are not popular with commercial bankers. So the American Banker's Association, staunch champion of competition, has pushed a bill (S 975) designed to rid its members of *this* bothersome competition. The bankers' bill now has been passed by the Senate.

The matter was brought to a head by the rapid growth of new, suburban communities in this country. As these communities develop, banking interests establish branch offices on the spot in order to get as much of the home-loan business as possible. Only West Virginia outlaws all forms of branch, chain or group banking, and at present Federal Savings and Loan Associations can establish branches in all other states to compete with state, mutual and commercial banks for this new business. The American Bankers' Association bill amends the Home Owners Loan Act of 1933 so as to outlaw Federal Savings and Loan Association branches in some 23 states. Commercial banks already enjoy an advantage: their varied functions allow them to operate without branches more easily than the specialized Home Loan Associations. The new bill relieves them from what has been very healthy competition. Sen. Paul Douglas (D, Ill.) tried to amend the American Bankers' Association bill so that Federal Home Loan Associations could set up branches in any state where commercial banks can. His motion was defeated 39-31. The bill must still be passed by the House before becoming a law, however, and it will be strongly opposed there.

Brownell's Time-Bomb

DEMOCRATIC National Chairman Stephen B. Mitchell has brought out into the open a widely repeated Washington rumor. The Republicans, Mr. Mitchell predicted on a national television program, are planning to indict a "considerable number" of prominent Democrats this fall, in the hope of "getting some political hay out of it" in the 1954 Congressional campaign. Democratic National headquarters has received at least a dozen reports from members of Congress and state party officials of Justice Department investigations being made into their tax records and personal affairs. In some cases the investigated Democrats were told, following the inquiries, that nothing had been found against them. Several California Democrats among the many who have been under Justice Department scrutiny, however, have received no such assurances.

On the request of lawyers representing Attorney General Brownell, a number of indictments handed down by a District of Columbia Grand Jury this spring were put under judicial seal. The "political indictments" to which Mr. Mitchell referred are thought to be in this group. His prediction that the Eisenhower Administration intends to use them to influence the November results was meant as a warning that the Democrats will not take such treatment meekly. Others of Mr. Mitchell's party will now join his effort to explode the "plot" long in advance of the time the Attorney General may have set for firing it off.

Mail Control

A SUBCOMMITTEE of the House Post Office Committee is holding hearings on the latest of a rash of "mail-control" bills introduced this session. This one (H.R. 9317) is sponsored by Rep. Katherine St. George (R, N.Y.) — a lady not exactly distinguished for her concern over civil rights. She would give the Postmaster General broad powers to deny second-class (low rate) mailing privileges to publications and films "containing material contrary to the best interests of the US"—"explicitly or implicitly." As in most bills of this kind, one man is made jury, judge and prosecutor. The language is so general that the bill could be used to squash expression of any idea which might happen to be unpopular at one time or another. Even historical materials — books, periodicals, pamphlets, speeches — necessary to scholars and research workers could be banned from the low cost mails.

It is unlikely that the full Post Office Committee, facing an already heavy schedule, will act on Katherine St. George's bill this session. But the increasing number of such bills, all written so as positively to invite abuse, indicates that sooner or later a lot of Congressmen are going to push for passage of some such legislation and that stopping them will not be easy.

New Republic A JOURNAL OF OPINION
VOLUME 131, NUMBER 1, ISSUE 2067

Michael Straight, *Editor*
Gilbert A. Harrison, *Publisher*
Helen Fuller, *Managing Editor*
Allan E. Aird, *Business Manager*

Tom Fitzsimmons, *Staff Writer*
F. R. Ruskin, *Administrative Assistant*
Eric Bentley, *Theatre Critic*
Robert Evett, *Book Editor*
Lucille Davis, *Copy Assistant*

Contributing Critics: W. H. Auden, Bruce Bliven, Dudley Fitts, Joseph Frank, Gerald W. Johnson, V. O. Key Jr., Max Lerner, Richard Lester, Arthur Mizener, James R. Newman, Kathleen Raine, John Crowe Ransom, Herbert Read, Robert Richman, Mark Schorer, Stephen Spender, Allen Tate

Washington Wire, by T.R.B. 2
Behind the Headlines 3
Indo-China 7
The House of Un-Representatives 13
by Gus Tyler
The Superficial Aspect 15
by Gerald W. Johnson
Books and Comment 16
Correspondence 22

Mendes-France Photo, French Embassy

Published weekly and Copyrighted, 1954 in the USA by New Republic, Inc., publishing office, 301 N St., N.E., Washington 2, D.C. Editorial and business communications should be addressed to 1826 Jefferson Place, N.W., Washington 6, D. C. Entered as second-class matter September 26, 1950 at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copy, 20c; Yearly subscription, $7.00; Foreign, $8.00; Armed Forces personnel or students, $5.00.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Michigan: Division in the Democratic Camp

THE '54 CAMPAIGN

IF HE HAD it his own way, Michigan's deliberate Democratic Governor G. Mennen Williams would have picked almost any other year to slug out in the primary with opponents of his own party. For this is his political payoff year. A re-election victory would make Williams the first fourth-termer ever in Michigan history. Then, reason his palace guard, he could virtually write his Washington ticket in a 1956 Democratic Administration — perhaps even call forth a lightning strike at the next national convention.

But Michigan Republican strategists, who know very well what Williams has at stake this fall, have a nationally significant re-election problem of their own in the wobbly campaign of GOP Senate Policy Chairman Homer Ferguson. So they have finagled adeptly in Detroit labor rivalries to assure deadly earnest factional war in the August Democratic primary.

Although he faces no personal opposition for the gubernatorial nomination, Williams must put down primary insurrections against both former Sen. Blair Moody—his 1951 appointee to the late Arthur Vandenberg's seat, now out to unseat Ferguson—and handpicked Lieutenant Governor hopeful Philip A. Hart. Somehow, Williams must take his stand without fanning a blaze that could burn down the whole Michigan Fair Deal Democratic edifice he has been building since 1948.

Ever since Princeton-educated "Soapy" got his upset first-term start in a Michigan companion piece to Truman's victory over Dewey, a sorehead Old Guard —led by AFL Teamsters attorney George Fitzgerald—has been out for "Soapy's" scalp. On the record, Fitzgerald has attacked "behind the scenes CIO control" in Lansing. But the real sin Williams committed was that he attracted a broad flow of new Democrats into the party. Suburban Grosse Point ladies who called him Mennen and had good government on their minds always seemed to be in the way when patronage questions came up or there were precinct committee vacancies to be filled. Together with Michigan CIO chiefs August Scholle and Tom Downs, Williams and his energetic lieutenants pushed Fitzgerald into the background.

Until the current campaign, former National Committeeman Fitzgerald harrassed Williams in what now seem, by comparison, relatively minor ways. In 1950, he fought CIO-led Congressional district Democratic committee factions in a furious precinct war. The widely publicized struggle—Fitzgerald charged CIO "goons" bossed Democratic convention halls—ended with a court ruling that Fitzgerald had faked thousands of signatures on precinct committeeman petitions. Williams tried to pacify Fitzgerald by reappointing him to his niche as Democratic member of the state Social Welfare Commission, but backed a successful move ousting Fitzgerald as National Committeeman at the 1952 Democratic Convention.

Williams

Now, Fitzgerald is competing with Hart for the Lieutenant Governor nomination. His vote-getting name worries the Williams camp despite the fact that Hart is a prominent Catholic layman, and sits importantly on the boards of both the Detroit Lions football team and the Detroit Tigers as an in-law of the wealthy Briggs family.

Hart's candidacy is wrapped tightly with the future of Williams. The Governor wants to leave state party control in the friendliest possible hands, once he leaves state politics. Hart, now his legal adviser, has been carefully primed as heir apparent. When a judge died in April, Williams performed an unusually involved three-way reshuffle of the Detroit bench for the express purpose of blanketing a prospective anti-Hart candidate with judicial robes.

Both the Fitzgerald campaign for Lieutenant Governor and, even more directly, the anti-Moody Senate primary bid by Democratic former Councilman Patrick McNamara, have had potent Republican encouragement and inspiration. The Republican *Detroit Free Press* has tried valiantly to blue-pencil Drew Pearson's blistering, detailed accounts of a Ferguson election deal with the Teamsters. In exchange for arranging the primary attempt by McNamara, often a Teamsters' ally, Ferguson arranged on his side of the bargain to call off a GOP Congressional investigation by Michigan's crusty Clare Hoffman into "labor racketeering" in Detroit.

In Detroit's war-torn AFL, the Teamsters deal meant that Wayne County AFL boss Frank Martel, usually with Williams, had to play ball for the sake of his own survival in a general contest to control the Michigan AFL. Martel promises that all AFL strength will be behind Moody in case McNamara loses. But there are some whispers that the Teamsters will stick quietly behind Senator Ferguson to the finish no matter what they say for the record.

Williams has other problems. The Governor and many of his staunch initial supporters in 1948 were all more or less identified with the small and struggling ADA chapter in Detroit. But when Williams moved into the executive office, key people in his entourage followed his decision to withdraw from all ADA identification. It was a pattern that occurred in other states.

ADA leaders who remained threw stillettos at their renegade comrades in party ranks; now many of these same leaders have put ADA in second place for a new group aimed at penetrating the Democratic precinct structure: "The Volunteer Democrats," salvaged from the election-time Volunteers for Stevenson. This group, which says it is running 200 precinct committeeman candidates in the party primary, provides an election-year factional quirk of its own. Many Democratic officials regard the invasion of the Volunteers in the primary unhappily. Senatorial candidate Moody, who followed Stevenson throughout much of his early June Michigan tour, conspicuously absented himself from a garden party staged by the Volunteers and attended by Stevenson.

With the primary civil wars over and even a makeshift unity for the final fall campaign, Williams, Moody and Hart have at least a 50-50 chance to win, in about that order of strength. The general estimate in Detroit is that Williams himself will squeak through with a margin bigger than his narrow recount victories in 1952 and 1950, depending on whether popular former state police

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

commissioner Donald Leonard or a weaker party machine candidate wins in the Republican primary. Moody's fate, however, hangs precariously on three unpredictable factors which will affect the whole ticket: the developing unemployment situation (220,000 are now jobless in the state), the impact of the Supreme Court segregation ruling on Detroit Negro votes, and the general public response to the Eisenhower-McCarthy struggle.

Another "Texas Steal"?

THE TEXAS version of the Gallup Poll, the Belden Poll, for May shows Dixiecrat Governor Allan Shivers favored for re-election by 42 percent of those interviewed, his opponent Ralph Yarborough by 32 percent, with 26 percent undecided. In a May, 1952, poll, the vote was Shivers 71 percent, Yarborough 14 percent. Opposition to Shivers is definitely increasing, though it may not mount to defeat the "Democrat" who swung Texas to Eisenhower in 1952. Shivers is sufficiently alarmed, however, to be planning a new "Texas steal" to secure his control of the State's delegation to the 1956 Democratic National Convention.

The Shivers-controlled State Democratic Committee has voted to base representation in state and county conventions (which choose delegates to national conventions) on *both* Democratic and Republican votes cast for Shivers in the election in 1952.

Shivers, it will be recalled, cross-filed as a Republican in that election, so that people voting the straight Republican ticket voted for him as a Republican. The Shivers plan for 1954 and 1956, if not upset by the courts or by the conventions, will make the winning of the major county conventions by loyal Democrats (who did not, as did Shivers, run as Republocrats) difficult if not impossible.

The voting strength of precincts in the county conventions is based on one vote for 925 cast for the party's nominee for Governor. Shivers' plan would allow precincts which went ten-to-one Republican to vote as if they had been 100 percent Democratic. The maneuver indicates that Shivers feels he is too weak to control the conventions by following law and precedent and has chosen instead to attempt another "Texas steal" of the kind which supporters of Taft for President tried against the Eisenhower slate of delegates to the Republican National Convention in 1952.

Colorado's Candidate

WHEN Sen. Edwin C. Johnson, who has drawn almost as many Republican as Democratic votes the three times he has run for the US Senate from Colorado, announced last April that Mrs. Johnson insisted they leave Washington, it appeared that the Republicans had a good chance to pick up his Senate seat as well as retain the Colorado Governorship and control of the legislature.

Today, however, many Republicans admit this looks like a Democratic year in Colorado, and Democratic leaders are finding it necessary to warn against overconfidence in their ranks.

Two primary factors explain the change. Senator "Big Ed" is not retiring from politics although he is 70. He is a candidate for Governor, the position which he held from 1932 to 1936 prior to going to the US Senate. Why he wants his old job back when he could comfortably retire on his Senate pension and enjoy being paid commissioner of the Western Baseball League, is a question only a seasoned politician like Johnson can answer.

Practically everybody concedes that Johnson will be the next Governor. Republicans have put up youthful Donald G. Brotzman, 32, first term State Senator from Boulder—a coming leader in Republican ranks but in this instance a sacrificial lamb. No Democrat has announced for a primary race against Johnson although this does not mean that the liberal New Deal-Fair Deal wing of the party is satisfied with the bipartisan, isolationist, maverick record of the senior Senator.

Only announced GOP candidate for the Senate post is Lt. Gov. Gordon Allott, who is a bit too independent for many of the Old Guard. Allott was a Stassen supporter before Chicago in 1952. Sen. Eugene Millikin, leader of the Taft-supporting Old Guard which renewed its tight control over the party machinery this year although pro-Eisenhower supporters had upset it two years ago, is busily seeking another more dynamic contender, since the colorless Allott has failed to inspire enthusiasm even at Republican rallies.

The race for the Democratic nomination for the US Senatorship in the September 14 primaries is turning out to be *the* race, therefore, with three aspirants in the ring: former Rep. John Carroll, Mayor Quigg Newton of Denver, and State Sen. Lew Williams, Western slope rancher and uranium mine owner.

Carroll

Carroll, New Dealer and Fair Dealer, assistant to President Truman during his latter days in office, has been a potential candidate ever since he was defeated by Senator Millikin in 1950. He says his defeat was due to Korea. His friends say he was knifed by Ed Johnson.

Williams, a person-to-person handshaking-type campaigner, says he entered the race because Denver should not have two Senators. (Millikin is from Denver, as are Carroll and Newton.)

Mayor Newton abandoned the nonpartisan Olympiad of the mayoralty just a year ago by registering as a Democrat, just in time to run for partisan office in this election.

A considerable number of wealthy Denver Republicans are known to have shifted their registration to vote for him in the Democratic primary.

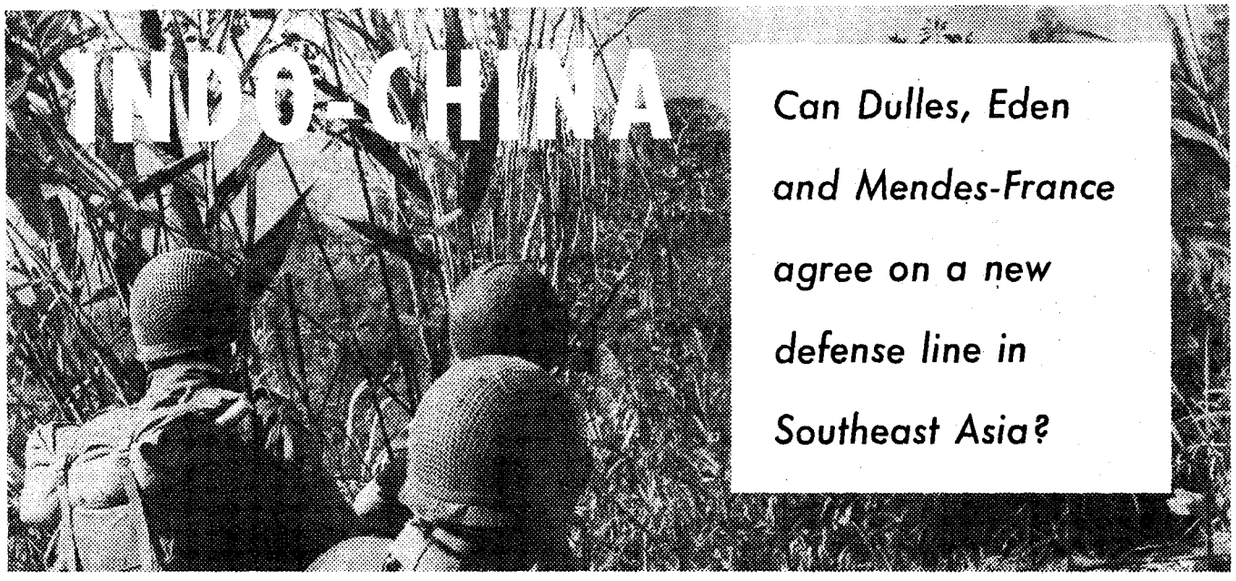
While Senator Johnson professes to be impartial in the primary race, there is every reason to believe that he would much prefer to see Newton in the Senate. Newton has not taken a stand on issues other than innocuous bromides. Carroll tackles McCarthyism and argues for a strong internationalist foreign policy.

The first poll taken by the *Denver Post* showed Newton a little ahead of Carroll among Democratic voters sampled over the whole state, but with 25 percent of them undecided.

The name of former Secretary of Agriculture Charles F. Brannan is frequently mentioned as a desirable candidate for either Senator or, more recently, for governor. Carroll's early announcement for the Senate pre-empted that place, to Brannan's evident regret, and being Colorado Governor with little real power has little appeal for him. His friends expect him to be available to oppose Millikin in 1956—or to accept appointment to any Senate vacancy from his friend Johnson, as Governor.

Denver, Colo.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



INDO-CHINA

Can Dulles, Eden and Mendes-France agree on a new defense line in Southeast Asia?

SEVEN months ago, the leaders of the Grand Alliance met at Bermuda. Little was accomplished, perhaps because US spokesmen grandly assumed that "the initiative" in the Cold War had in fact been "seized" by the Alliance, or certainly by the US. Whatever the cause, Bermuda was hardly a meeting between equals, rather between the leader and his subordinates. The arrival in Washington of Sir Winston Churchill and his Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden in a sense continues the Bermuda conference, but with a difference.

During the past seven months, the major antagonists in the Cold War have sat twice at conference tables—in Berlin and Geneva—and the US by constantly opposi ggestions of its allies without offering alternatives uld support has lost leadership of the Alliance. Communist threat to Southeast Asia was the first the Washington agenda. For nearly eight years h have fought a colonial war in Indo-China, internationalize that war or make any of the self-denying concessions necessary to trans- conflict into a clear-cut case of resistance to Co...st aggression. When finally France did begin bidding for popular, native support and the assistance of other free nations, only massive military intervention by the US might have saved the situation.

Britain insisted that the continuation of a "white man's war" to hold Indo-China would imperil the West's position in all that is left of Asia—seeming to confirm, in the minds of neutral Asians, Communist charges of "Western imperialism." She called for the creation of a "new situation" based on a negotiated peace in Indo-China. We could then, said the British, work toward a defensive regional alliance, draw and guarantee a line against Communist expansion, and stand a good chance of winning at least passive approval of our actions from India, Burma and the other Colombo powers. "In my view," said Eden on the eve of his departure for Washington, "*there will never be any real security in Southeast Asia without the good will of the free Asian countries.*" This was the final statement of a policy which, whatever the criticisms, Britain has consistently followed.

In contrast, the US has had no policy at all—goals, yes; high-principled rhetoric, yes; but no coherent, consistent plan of action. First the Administration listened to the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral Arthur Radford, who called for immediate naval and air intervention. The fiction that such intervention could alone do the job was kept alive for weeks. But finally the view of the other Joint Chiefs, and of the British military broke through: Indo-China would require an effort, primarily of ground forces, far exceeding that made in Korea. To mount such an effort in the wake of the Republican cutback of American military strength, while still maintaining our strength on other fronts, this nation would have had to go into nearly full-mobilization. The Administration was unwilling to do that.

But the only positive alternative was endorsement of the British plan, or some version of it which preserved its basic premise: the West must not dissipate its strength in peripheral wars which smack of colonialism, but rather seek, through negotiation, "peaceful co-existence." This approach, the Republican Administration—its ears still ringing with accusations of "treason" and "appeasement" *it* hurled at the "Acheson gang"— seemed unable to accept. Instead it called for the formation—at once—of a Southeast Asia Defense Alliance to back up an ultimatum against further Communist advance, and turned its back disapprovingly on French efforts to save the expeditionary force first, and some territory, second, in Indo-China.

Again the US demonstrated an almost flippant disinterest in negotiating—a confidence that somehow we are powerful enough to shape any situation to fit our own vision with... ...me on talk" to convince others.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

England countered with the speech Anthony Eden made to Parliament on June 23. He sought to capitalize on a slight shift in Asian opinion, following Geneva, toward approval of Western policy, by proposing the kind of reciprocal guarantees against aggression which India favors as a means of achieving peace in Asia, without abandoning the Southeast Asia defense alliance championed by the US. Official Washington was "shocked!" For Eden seemed to imply that defense measures should not be undertaken until some vague unspecified future time after a Locarno-type pact had been signed.

Thus, long standing differences between the British and the US were brought to a head: the American "hard" line of demanding immediate "action" of one kind or another in Asia regardless of consequences on Asian opinion or Western capacity to follow through successfully was matched by the British position of "wait, see, negotiate and pamper the neutrals."

Eden's speech, given on the eve of the Churchill visit, set up a British bargaining position. In return for quick action on a defense arrangement, Washington could be asked for something Britain held necessary to any defense arrangement: assurance to free Asian nations that the West would take every step possible to insure peace, even while preparing for war.

US leadership has long been convinced that no treaty with the Communists is worth the paper it is written on. But the British know that much of the rest of the world clings to the old-fashioned notion that a treaty *will* be honored by any nation if it is in that nation's interest to honor it. Avoiding an agreement with the Communists for fear it will be broken is, in this view of things, impractical diplomacy. Our aim should be the devising of accords which *will* be in the interest of Communists to honor, for a time at least.

The British and many others believe that there is a positive reason for strenuous effort to avoid war: to gain time which can be used to diminish the threat of war. The "master thought of the Locarno Treaty," said Churchill, "is everyone going against the aggressor." So if the US joined in guaranteeing such a pact in Asia and that pact were broken by the Communists, we would not be called on to do anything but what we did in Korea and seem anxious to do elsewhere in Asia—with or without a treaty. Why then do we hold back, is the question put to us.

In Washington, Churchill gave every indication that he had not succeeded in persuading the US to budge. He stressed that the original Locarno Treaty had been violated largely because the US was not a partner to it. He made it plain that England wanted a period of "peaceful co-existence" (which he termed the "heart of the matter") in order to establish closer ties with China now, while there is still an opportunity to exploit Chinese aversion to depe[illegible]ssia. The Churchill policy would compel the admission that the Communists do control China and eventually serious consideration to admitting Communist China to the UN.

But denunciations of Yalta "appeasement" — the dragon's teeth sown by Republicans to win an election —haunt any Administration—especially a Republican Administration—which might admit to thinking of negotiation with Communists. On this basic question of "do you want peaceful co-existence? and what do you want it *for*?", it appears that Washington talks produced only an implicit admission that the President and his Secretary of State are captives of the most imprudent and near-sighted elements in both parties. The first Anglo-American statement said only that plans for "collective defense" would be "pressed forward" whether France won an Indo-China settlement or not. Which probably means that the British have agreed to begin planning a SEATO immediately. In return they may have won a kind of *modus vivendi* by which the US agreed not to interfere too much with British efforts to strengthen friendly ties in free Asia. In its pursuit of Asian allies the British government — as Richard Strout reports on page 9—enjoys strong support at home, and if the US persists in a course which made it mandatory for Walter Bedell Smith to preface his report on the Geneva conference with a strong assurance that he had made every effort to avoid conversations with the Chinese, the Anglo-American division will widen and perhaps fatally weaken the free world.

In the meantime, Premier Chou En-lai of China has been very busy mending fences. First he met with the new Premier of France, who, as Frank Gorrell reports on page 10, also enjoys popular backing for his policy of negotiation. Quickly, he went to India and publicly joined Nehru in calling for a political settlement in Indo-China "creating free states which should not be used for aggressive purposes or be subjected to foreign intervention." Both men, the leaders of some 960 million Asians, urged that relations between the nations of Asia be guided by the preamble to the India-China agreement on Tibet—non-aggression, non-interference and peaceful co-existence. Chou's next step was Burma, where he again spoke of peace and pacts. The courtship of Indonesia will follow. In short, Chou recognized the threat to his cause of British diplomatic wooing of Asian opinion and acted accordingly.

WHATEVER agreement is reached in Indo-China, the West *has* suffered a serious loss there. It will be easy for moralists to charge that it is wrong to negotiate away the chance of genuine democratic sovereignty in one area for the slim chance of preserving freedom elsewhere.

But the free world's loss in Indo-China will not be made less now by partisan recriminations in the US, or by seeking a scapegoat for Western failures in Asia in "perfidious Albion."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Irritation over U.S. Diplomacy Is Widespread in Britain Today

THE PRESENT British attitude toward the United States seems to me jittery and touchy beyond anything I can remember in past visits and protracted stays in England. The American attitude on the other hand seems to me almost arrogantly complacent. The atmosphere, broodingly explosive as a July sky before a storm, has brought Churchill and Eden to Washington.

Take a concrete illustration. The State Department asked the right to search foreign ships to block aid to Guatemala. The *New York Times,* June 18, quoted the Department as saying it had held informal discussions with "the important non-Communist maritime nations," and that these were "favorable."

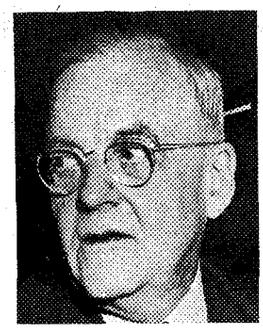
I was in London when the proposal came, and it fell on abraded sores like a pinch of salt. The proposal was regarded as incredibly cheeky. Few newspapers in America mentioned the State Department plan but in London it filled every afternoon late edition and led all the news in these newspapers next morning, by actual check: the *Daily Telegraph, Express, Daily Herald, News Chronicle, Daily Mail* and the austere *Times.* In Manchester the *Guardian* gave it the big play and followed it with a cutting editorial. "US Wants To Search Our Ships," said the *Daily Herald.*

It happened that I made the trans-Atlantic hop just ahead of the Churchill-Eden party. I am struck by the astonishing difference in mood between London and Washington. London has a near psychopathic obsession with the USA, America has a complacent attitude that it can take the British Commonwealth for granted, or ignore it. Americans pay only mild heed to the English; the English, on the other hand, raise the US in conversation like Mr. Dick and King Charles' head.

A REPORTER notices specific news handling. For example, the Chinese Communist, Chou En-lai, made a "compromise" offer June 16 at Geneva, the day after the Churchill-Eden visit was announced when Anglo-American relations seemed improved. After seven weeks of Red stalling, the British were encouraged and their papers quoted the US delegate, Walter Bedell Smith, as calling the new proposals reasonable and sensible. But on June 18 everything changed. Bedell Smith had gone to Berne and Walter Robertson, Assistant Secretary of State, took his place and clashed with Chou En-lai over the same proposals. Again, practically every London paper played up this clash—an incident that I hardly find mentioned in Washington and New York. The *London Times* referred to the incident in its Geneva dispatch as "surprising"; the *News Chronicle's* correspondent, Graeme Norwood, cabled, "Mr. Robertson took the extraordinary step of going back on Mr. Bedell Smith's statement on Wednesday that Mr. Chou's proposals were restrained and sensible."

I am not arguing the facts. There have been plenty of US inconsistencies in the past, and plenty of English journalists to exaggerate them. But it illustrates the almost steady stream of news presenting the US in a bewildering light, sometimes with reason, sometimes with bias.

I confess I was not prepared for Mr. Dulles' unpopularity with the British. He scared them with sloganeering, talk of H-bombs, the "New Look," "massive retaliation," and with his running about before the fall of Dien Bien Phu. With the rights of the Dulles' position I won't deal; the fact is, I believe, he is as unpopular as any American Secretary of State in our time. Perhaps this is due to divergence of policy beyond his control—the US still takes the position when looking at Red China that it isn't there, and we still seem to think the way to win over an unconvinced India is to threaten it.



Dulles

Here is another situation. A *New York Times* Washington dispatch of June 17 gave some State Department reaction to the Churchill visit. Official circles, the dispatch said, discussed "European disillusionment" with Geneva, "from which Mr. Dulles never expected practical results." The Department seemed to feel that this "failure" of the conference would have accomplished some good if it made the British realize that "they had made a mistake."

The incidents cited are small; they are important as part of a stream. It is a sort of obsession. Take Guatemala. The average Briton asks if America doesn't have Communist jitters? British Honduras had a leftist drive, but London kept calm. Why shouldn't any nation, even weak Guatemala, have arms? Aren't arms the right of sovereignty? Why should the US search ships? Is the US going to keep its skirts clean of a suspected United Fruit Company "plot"? Why doesn't the USA show a hundredth part of the interest in helping low-paid, ill-fed peons get better incomes that it does for the rich landlords and their vast estates?

Today in Britain there are danger signals of an irrational postwar irritation. It goes deeper, I believe, than even American mistakes justify. Britain is in the throes of an embarrassingly evident inferiority complex that requires compensation by a posture of moral superiority. Britain is worried, with some cause, about its economy and its leadership. Britain can't let America alone—even in talk about the bad weather ("hydrogen bomb, you know"). Postwar schemes like the "ground-nut" plan for Africa have gone awry. Britain built the jet airliner and American firms were about to buy when a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

couple of accidents occurred at Rome and they were grounded. "Was this sabotage?" I asked a well-known London editor. "You don't know the half of those stories," he replied, "some said it was American sabotage."

England can't get America out of her hair. London is dominated by American films and musical comedies. The Broadway hit, *Teahouse of the August Moon,* opened with acclaim in April and the *New York Times* cabled over critics' comments. "It owes nearly as much (of its success) to their relief in the discovery that despite current political hysteria Americans retain their ability to laugh at themselves," the *Times* reported. Nearly every London critic commented on the fact "with surprise, wonderment and relief." The picture of a humorless, censored, witch-hunting America, brandishing the H-bomb with juvenile recklessness, seems preposterous to us. But to ignore its existence—and its causes—is folly.

Have the British lost a sense of proportion? Sir Winston congratulated the House of Commons the other day that Field Marshal Montgomery had kept for himself the German surrender document, adding that otherwise it "would have passed to the United States." I think a fair-minded Englishman, in normal times, would admit that such an equivalent statement, with roles reversed and made, say, in the US Senate, would have brought howls of anger from London. The US press almost ignored the Churchill comment. But ignoring an irritant isn't sufficient for good relations.

Some news cabled to London from Washington drops salt in the sores. The *London Times,* June 18, carried a Washington dispatch interpreting official reactions on the Churchill trip. "The most difficult issue" would arise over the problem of "colonialism," the dispatch read. America is restive, it explained, under the charge of "imperialism," and is getting ready to reply "by disassociating itself from British 'colonialism'." The *Manchester Guardian,* in an editorial headed "The New Colonialism," immediately denounced the US proposal to search British ships and demanded, "And who can talk of 'colonialism' now?"

What this stacks up to I don't know. But it is interesting to note one thing: for seven weeks at Geneva the Communists stalled during the period of Anglo-American disunity. The instant the Churchill trip was announced and the gap seemed likely to close, the Communists made their first signs of concession. Nothing could point more clearly than this to the crucial self-advantage of the UK and USA in working together . . . if Washington can drop its arrogant complacency and London its cankering inferiority complex.

Washington, D. C. **Richard Strout**

Mendes-France's Peace Efforts Command Broad French Backing

SELDOM if ever has the National Assembly of the Fourth French Republic given to a candidate aspiring to the office of Premier the kind of enthusiastic ovation accorded to Pierre Mendès-France when he refused what then seemed the necessary support of the

Foreign Secretary Eden and His Critics

EDEN: "Supposing an agreement were reached . . . that Laos and Cambodia should lead their own lives and that whatever other arrangements were agreed to about Viet-Nam should be guaranteed; suppose an Asian circle, consisting on the one hand of China and Soviet Russia and on the other of France, America and ourselves—and perhaps India and other countries, too—could guarantee the arrangements arrived at. That would be something entirely new in our international experience.

"I do not say that it is likely to happen but I think that it is possible that it might happen and surely it is something worth while trying to get. Of course, we are not so foolish any of us as to believe that that would resolve the problems of the world for all time or that it would mean that the ambitions of certain powers would be satisfied, but it might mean that everybody concerned thought it desirable for reasons of co-existence—if I may use that phrase again—to make some such arrangement. . . . We should also have a defensive alliance such as NATO is in Europe. . . . My belief is that by refraining from any precipitate move . . . we have helped to create the necessary conditions in which both systems can possibly be brought into being. . . . "

Washington Post **editorial, June 25, 1954:** "Foreign Secretary Eden has cast a pall over the Eisenhower-Churchill conference. . . . Mr. Eden has in effect laid down a policy of nonintervention in Southeast Asia with a "take it or leave it" label."

New York Times **news story, June 25, 1954:** "Privately, American officials said they were shocked, dismayed and left uneasy about the future.

"They felt that Mr. Eden . . . has quashed . . . any remaining hope that the British might agree now to a collective-security arrangement in Southeast Asia that would draw a clear line beyond which the Communists would not be permitted to advance without risking general warfare."

David Lawrence, June 25, 1954: ". . . what Mr. Eden is really doing . . . is telling the American people that the principle of collective security cannot be used in Southeast Asia unless the enemy agrees and that Red China, which has supported aggression in Indo-China, is more worthy of his sympathetic attention than the viewpoint of the United States Government. . . . "

Joseph and Stewart Alsop, June 25, 1954: "President Eisenhower and Sir Winston Churchill are about to meet in circumstances recalling the eve of Munich."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

French Communist Party. It was this refusal—clearly and firmly stated—that more than anything else he said won for him what practically no one (except himself) in French political life had expected him to get; and he won by the largest majority in the history of the Fourth Republic. His energy in arranging a meeting with Chinese Premier Chou En-lai at Bern, and his announcement of their agreement to seek a cease-fire as rapidly as possible immediately won him an even more impressive vote of confidence.

Yet it was clear then—and it is even clearer now—that if Mendès-France is to be Monsieur Peace (as the non-Communist French Left calls him) or even Monsieur Hope (as he is hailed in England) he must look for and get something like support from Communist leaders far more important than Maurice Thorez and Jacques Duclos. The top Reds of the world—Malenkov and Mao Tse-tung—must give him the green light. The results of the meeting at Bern give France cause to hope that they may.

Four Thursdays Peace Premier

A truce in Indo-China must be not only acceptable to a terribly war weary France but also dependably foolproof to France's major partners in the free world if the brilliant, relatively young (for France) Premier is to extend the limit of the four Thursdays given to him by the Assembly. For the French, it may be enough for Mendès-France to say that he will *faire la paix,* as Georges Clemenceau once said that he would *faire la guerre.* Nevertheless the French themselves know that they have not made war as it could or should have been made; and that the making of the peace must concern the US and Britain as least as much as it does them.

THE ESSENTIAL problem of France can be over-simplified into a formula that should be familiar—though not necessarily reassuring—to Americans. France is undoubtedly loyal to the Atlantic Alliance and to the free world. What remains to be seen is whether the deeds —as well as the words—of her new Premier can change the mood and conduct that have made the country appear to be a security risk.

The French must undertake new sacrifices at home and abroad; or they must reduce their commitments and let others assume more in places and in situations that France has up to now jealously guarded against encroachment. If a Frenchman thinks that he can keep freedom —almost to the point of license—on the banks of the Seine no matter what happens or fails to happen along the Mekong, the same is not true for men in America, Britain, Australia and New Zealand.

It is certainly true that the very fact of the advent of the new Premier to office has changed the political climate in France, and also, to a lesser extent, in all of Western Europe. Yet his chances of success depend primarily on whether the political pressure from Moscow is low or high, or whether the winds are favorable or stormy from Peking. The Mendès-France experiment is the most important—indeed, in some ways, the first—real gamble on the suppositions or hopes of those Western Europeans who count on a change for the better in the climate in Russia and Red China. Miracles are out of the question; a change in air is at least conceivable.

In France itself, Mendès-France—whether he likes it or not—speaks for, or in the language of, those real or near-neutralists who have wanted to bring the country closer to the center of the wide distance between Washington and Moscow. He himself denies—he has done so publicly in a letter to the Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*—that he is a neutralist; or that he wants the help of the neutralists. There is every reason to believe that he is honest. No one has ever been able to impugn the honesty which made him refuse

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

office in a series of governments or made him repeat but never contradict his basic ideas. Nor can there be doubt of his courage, ability and brilliance. To a certain extent he is a species of French equivalent of Adlai Stevenson.

The leading neutralist newspaper in France, the *Monde* of Paris, supports him warmly, on the assumption that he agrees that:

> The war in Indo-China was folly; that the Atlantic Alliance could not be healthy and strong unless we spoke to the Americans in the frank language of friendship and not in that of hired servants; that Germany should be progressively reintegrated into Europe, with all the rights of a free people, without however becoming a spearhead pointed toward the East; that the application of the same methods, the stubborn repetition of the same mistakes, would fatally bring us in Africa to the same plight as in Asia; and that it was vain to hope or to try anything whatsoever so long as pressure groups and interests [*les feodalités*] of all kinds made their own purposes and interests prevail in parliament over those of the nation.

A MAN belonging to a party of the moderate Right, representing primarily the Left of Center, and speaking quite often for the non-Communist Left, Mendès-France depends nevertheless for support on the Right of Center and the far Right. The non-Communist Left, through such newspapers as *Franc-Tireur* and *Combat,* welcome his new ideas. The *Figaro,* speaking for the classical non-Gaullist Right, has warned that he must be new only in methods, not in ideas or policies; and to these new methods he must bring the shock treatment of energy, clarity and a break with the confusions of the immediate past.

The Socialists voted for him as the man who could end the war in Indo-China; the Gaullists (or at least the majority group now called, oddly, the Social Republicans) as the man who could give them *their* version of EDC and Europeanism in general. This makes a fundamental contradiction. The two supports cannot for long be fused into one. The Gaullists want to save the French "presence" in the Far East and North Africa; they go much farther in this direction than the "world vocation" of Georges Bidault. The Socialists are concerned with French support of a full-bodied Europeanism; and here they too go much farther than Bidault and the men of the MRP (the Popular Republicans). EDC will be a stumbling block, the Socialists wanting it in its present form, the Gaullists insisting on another kind of German rearmament. And even if the "confrontation" of theses on EDC, which Mendès-France has promised, should produce some workable compromise, it remains true that on major issues of French policy, the parties are divided both between themselves and within themselves.

For the first time since the Liberation (except for a very brief period in 1946), the MRP is not in the government. This is the party of Robert Schuman and of Bidault, of the closest possible links with the Atlantic Alliance and the US. Its leaders have refused participation and support to Mendès-France. The MRP insists on the continuation of *its* all-out Atlantic policy and its man at the Quai d'Orsay. It firmly believes that—regardless of what the Assembly may say or do about foreign policy—the people of France are moving steadily toward the EDC and the MRP line. This opinion seems to be confirmed by a number of recent local elections and polls. It can only be tested on the large scale, however, by a general election; and the MRP has come out vigorously in favor of them.

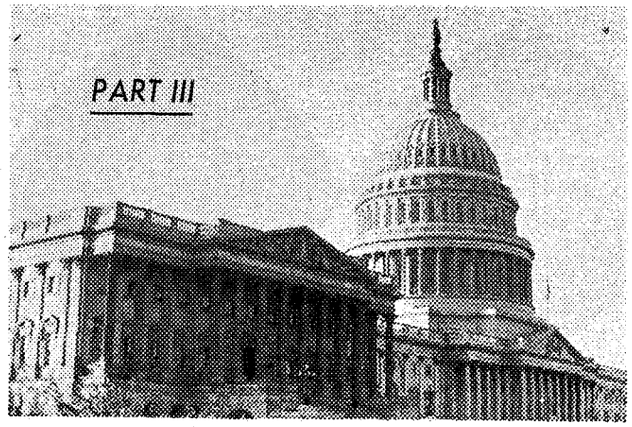
There is also a third reason for MRP non-support of Mendès-France. If he fails the effect will be to damage seriously, perhaps even irreparably, progressive, non-Communist forces in French domestic policy. The MRP is close to the non-Communist Left on domestic reforms. A failure of the "Peace Premier of the four Thursdays" might set up a wave of domestic reaction. The anti-progressive Right might take over and adopt a policy based on domestic anti-New Dealism. In this event, the MRP, having kept its independence, would be in a position to resist the wave of reaction. It might then again step forward as a conserver of moderate government—the one most observers expected to come from a long crisis after the fall of Joseph Laniel—extending from the Left of Center members of the Radical Socialist Party through the independents and MRP to a large bloc of the Gaullists. And the Premier probably would be Antoine Pinay.

THE CRISIS which led to the Mendès-France experiment was in any event different from the previous ones. Crises have tended to serve, the *London Times* points out, as a means of escape from the problems of political reality, like the flight into illness of a man who finds life too much for him. There is no trace of anything resembling flight in the temperament, intentions or methods of Mendès-France. A very large proportion of the non-Communist population of France supports him. It was time for a change. Above all it was time for either increasing sacrifices or reducing commitments. There had to be a break moreover in the vicious circle by which a series of previous French governments had first refused to give small concessions to real representatives of the people—in France, in North Africa and in Indo-China, and then ended by giving big concessions to persons and interests not representing the people.

Crises still exist; they are present practically everywhere under the French flag—in Indo-China, Tunisia, Morocco, even in the French possessions in India. France is still sick. But Mendès-France will surely do his best to prevent any further fleeing into political neurosis—or, we believe personally, into neutralism.

Paris **Frank Gorrell**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The House of Un-Representatives

by Gus Tyler

TO GET something like the equal representation in the House of Representatives intended by the Founding Fathers, our republic requires a permanent Committee for Fair Representation. This CFR has its work cut out for it: to do for fair representation in state and nation what the National Municipal League has been doing for some years in our local communities. In the absence of some continuing nonpartisan organization to focus public attention on the mounting evil of non-representative government, present inequalities will tend to multiply.

When the constitutional convention met in Philadelphia, the intent of the Founding Fathers as to representation in the federal legislature was remarkably clear. Article I, Section 4 of the Constitution was written into the basic document precisely because the authors of the script feared that various interests in the separate states might so play around with the manner of electing the lower House as to make it a most unrepresentative body. The specific article placed power in the hands of the federal legislature to regulate and alter the manner of electing members to the House.

This provision states that, "the times, places and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives shall be prescribed in each state by the legislature thereof; *but the Congress may at any time by law make or alter such regulations, except as to the places of choosing Senators.*"

Gus Tyler is Political Director of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union.

The intent of this section was made perfectly clear by the debate on the subject. The central idea was stated by Madison: "The inequality in the legislatures of particular states would produce a like inequality in their representation in the national legislature," unless Congress could regulate the manner of the elections in the states.

South Carolina's Charles Cotesworth Pinckney pointed out that it was "absolutely necessary that Congress should have this superintending power, lest, by the intrigues of ruling factions in a state, the members of the House of Representatives should not really represent the people of the state."

In the earlier years of our Republic, Congress used this constitutional power to legislate on the subject of electing delegations to the House of Representatives.

In 1842, Congress legislated that each member of the House shall come from one district. This was to offset the tendency prevalent among the smaller states to elect all Representatives on an at-large basis. This act also provided that districts be of contiguous territory to prevent the creation of districts scattered all over a state. (By the way, one Ohio district is at present non-contiguous, with a piece of the district planted in the middle of an altogether separate district.)

In 1872, Congress legislated that each district shall contain "as nearly as practicable an equal number of inhabitants."

In 1901, it was further provided that districts be not only contiguous but also "compact"—to place some rule of reason on the gerrymander.

In 1911, all provisions for contiguity, compactness and equality were repeated.

In a Reapportionment Act of 1929, none of the aforementioned qualifications was included and it has been interpreted to mean that no limitations exist. Thus, there are representatives presently chosen at large, from non-contiguous districts, from non-compact districts, from unequal districts.

Despite the early body of legislation, it must be noted —in the words of Justice Frankfurter—that "throughout our history, whatever may have been the controlling Apportionment Act, the most glaring disparities have prevailed as to the contours and the population of districts. . . ."

THE BASIC reason for these disparities, despite legislation, has been the failure *to enforce* whatever legislation existed. The failure arises from the fact that enforcement has depended upon the initiative of political parties and politicians, many or most of whom are—in one way or another—beneficiaries of the disparities.

Political leaders, even those in the minority position, are loath to insist on systems of fair representation. A gerrymander, perpetrated by a majority party to cut down the representation of a minority party, will often

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tend to dump all the votes of a minority party in a few select districts. This system may cut down minority voice in the legislature but it will simultaneously create "safe" districts for the minority. These one-party districts give inordinate power to the party bosses in the "safe" district. These bosses know that control of the nominating machinery is tantamount to control of the election. These bosses can, by control of the nomination, name obedient and servile public officials. These professional politicians can rarely be counted on to make a fight against the system of unrepresentative government.

THE Supreme Court, or any state court, is hardly in a position to establish equity. Courts have occasionally ruled certain reapportionment and redistricting acts as unconstitutional. But to do so merely negates an act and does not create a fair system. In the absence of an act, the election must take place on an at-large basis or revert to the former basis, already made obsolete by shifts in population. Aware of its impotence in the matter, the courts have tended to keep hands off and to put the responsibility up to the state legislature.

The state legislature, of course, is the very last place to find justice since it is generally the prime culprit.

In some states, even a constitutional convention would be foredoomed to failure since these convention delegates are chosen on the same disparate basis as the representatives to the state legislature.

In short, in our complicated system of checks and balances there is nothing to check the growth of unrepresentative government. The great check was Article I, Section 4 giving Congress the power to legislate on the manner of electing Representatives. In the 82nd Congress, Representative Celler proposed a measure requiring the creation of districts with compactness, contiguity and equality. The provision for equality would allow a 15-percent variation from the norm.

What the Celler proposal lacked was public interest and support. While millions of dollars are poured into campaigns to win a handful of Congressional seats by some party or interest group, virtually no money is spent to redistrict and reapportion our Congress to get representative government. On the state level, there is the same kind of profound apathy except in those rare cases where a monstrous gerrymander is conceived, as in Massachusetts this year, and where some great organ of public opinion, like the *Christian Science Monitor*, this year, voices its loud and continued protest.

A national Committee for Fair Representation is presently a crying need to rescue and revive the concept of representative government in the United States. This continuing committee, composed of respected names in our national community, cutting across party lines, could with a limited staff and some voluntary legal assistance do the following:

1. *Research*—The CFR could keep a running file on the state of representative government in the 48 states and in the national legislature. It would be a source for academicians, publicists and politicos who want to raise the issue of unfair administration and who wish to make proposals for fair representation.

2. *Education*—The CFR could educate the American people on the extent and character of the evil, on ways to combat the danger. This could be done through booklets, leaflets, newsletters, suggested material for editorials and news stories. The subject of unfair representation could be raised as the high school and college debate subject of the year. Radio and TV forums might be arranged.

3. *Questioning Candidates*—In the same manner that the Citizens Union, the Rural Co-ops, the ADA and trade unions, the Auto Clubs, quiz candidates on their stands, concerning special subjects, the CFR could get candidates to commit themselves on the subject of proper representation. The results of these questionnaires could be made public for the guidance of the voter. Obviously, this would have to be done on a strictly non-partisan basis.

4. *Propose and Back Legislation*—Both the federal and state legislatures have the power—and the duty—to apportion and district in a fair way. The CFR could help draft legislation; it could dramatically oppose clearly unfair legislation; it could champion worthy bills.

5. *Constitutional Revision*—Many state constitutions require basic revision in their clauses dealing with apportionment and districting. To get such constitutional amendments before the voters or before state constitutional conventions could be another job for a CFR.

6. *Enforce Existing Constitutional Provisions*—In the states, where the legislature by-passes or forgets its own constitution, the CFR could serve as a public prod to carry out the state constitutions.

7. *Court Action*—Where there are court cases to invalidate improper districting or to get proper districting, the CFR could submit briefs as a "friend of the Court."

The above proposals for action by a Committee for Fair Representation in America are, obviously, highly tentative. Undoubtedly other functions will be conceived; other approaches developed. What cannot be contested is the need for a CFR to act as a sort of national conscience on the matter of representative government.

[*This is the final article in this series.*]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GERALD W. JOHNSON

★

The Superficial Aspect

To a sensitive mind there is something pathetic in the dogged resolution with which the cult of the Very Best Butter clings to its prime tenet in the face of mounting evidence that it is unsound. The very best butter was not good for the works of the March Hare's watch. That was the somber truth, but his romantic soul knew that there must be some other explanation.

In 1952 our political romantics were told that a military man would not be good for the works, but they knew it couldn't be so, for he was the very best military man. Even today, although the works are definitely clogged, they know in their souls that there must be some other explanation and they go to extraordinary lengths to find it.

One of the most entertaining of their endeavors is that of Walter Lippmann in his column of June 17, in which he attributes the whole difficulty, not to the ineptitude of a soldier in a civilian job, but to the wrong-headedness of the electorate in voting Democratic in 1948. Mr. Lippmann told the voters not to do it, but they did anyhow, and that is why Eisenhower has lost in 18 months so much of what it took 20 years to acquire.

No, I can't follow his reasoning any more than you can.

Superficially, at least, it resembles emotion rather than reasoning. If the facts indicate that the hero is inadequate, then so much the worse for the facts. It simply cannot be, for to admit it would entail an admission that Truman and his outfit were, on the whole, more competent than Eisenhower and his outfit. That admission is a psychological impossibility, for it is an article of faith with the romantics that Eisenhower represents the Best People, while Truman represented the Lower Orders.

The suggestion that the Lower Orders can run the country better than the Best People is a heresy so appalling that it must be instantly rejected regardless of any facts that appear to support it. Superficially it seems that for 20 years the Lower Orders did run the country better than Hoover had for the antecedent four, or Eisenhower for the subsequent year and a half; but this is bound to be an illusion, for if the Best People are hopelessly bungling rulers, why then we have the world turned upside down, which is an intolerable thought.

"Don't cheer, boys, the poor devils are dying," said the captain of the *Texas* as the Spanish ships went down at Santiago. Perhaps one should adapt his advice to the current situation—don't laugh, liberals, the poor devils are suffering. They did so desperately need a hero, and they were so sure they had found the perfect one—an illusion, by the way, that many of the Lower Orders shared for awhile—that the revelation that heroism, like patriotism, is not enough is horribly painful.

Yet while giggling should be sternly suppressed in this melancholy hour, sympathy should not go the length of countenancing the romantic delusion. After all, facts are stubborn things and there is no getting around two: the fact that within 18 months after the new Administration took over the United States has been deposed from leadership of the free nations, at least as far as Southeast Asia is concerned; and the fact that the Guatemalan affair has jarred our leadership even in the Western hemisphere. It took more than 20 years and a great deal of labor to establish that leadership. If it has been lost in 18 months, then government by the Best People simply has not been equal to the tasks it faced.

If this strongly indicates reversion to reliance on the Lower Orders, I am afraid we cannot take even Mr. Lippmann's word for it that the reversion would be a mistake. Government is not a sporting event in which teamwork counts for everything. Government is a serious business in which discipline, sometimes pretty harsh discipline, is essential. The Lower Orders do have the merit of judging officials by results, not by their orthodox theories, nor by their social graces.

It is sad, but irrelevant, that this is painful to the romantics. It is to be feared, indeed, that a more painful question shapes up, which they must put to themselves next November. If we flourish under the leadership of one group, and pine under that of the other, who, then, are in fact the Best People? As they struggle with that, humanity dictates that we should look the other way.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & COMMENT

Austrian Communists and the Intellectuals

by John Dean

OF ALL the Communist parties, both in the East and West, none is in such a peculiar and paradoxical position as the Austrian. Though backed by Red guns and money, it has been unable to obtain more than a steady five percent of the total vote in a country whose unemployment problem among its youth is phenomenal, and whose living standard during the last twenty years has suffered one of the greatest declines of any nation in Europe. Indeed so inept have Communist efforts become that during the last elections they could find no better campaign issue than increased pensions for the aged. This in a country which has one of the best organized pension systems on the continent. They even went so far as to hide the CP label and to enter the elections under a "people's opposition" tag. For their pains they lost one of their five seats in parliament, and to add insult to injury, the party received fewer votes in many precincts than it had registered members.

Yet though not even the satellite nations stand under such tight control from Moscow (the party machinery is honeycombed with Soviet officers in supervisory positions), there has been no serious attempt at a purge, nor have the tedious and regular self-accusations been a prominent feature of party life. When Comrade Koplenig, chairman of the Central Committee, made his autocritique a few months ago, there was general surprise in all quarters, though Koplenig's tear jerker was mild compared to the usual hysterial prostrations customary in Western Communist circles. And party boss Ernst Fischer did not even bother to withdraw one of his plays right away from the Communist theatre, the *Scala,* after the official Red army organ in Austria, *Die Oesterreichische Zeitung*, had accused it of Titoist and bourgeois tendencies, though the play was written as an attack on the Yugoslav leader. A similar debacle for the French poet Aragon would have been a kiss of death.

Fischer, more than the titular party head Koplenig, is the real key to the Austrian Communist enigma. Ernst Fischer von der See is the son of a colonel in the old imperial army. His family, like so many members of the lower aristocracy, was among the staunchest supporters of the monarchy for generations. Given a liberal classical education, Fischer spent his formative years in Vienna's two great literary cafes, the *Herrenhof* and the *Zentral,* together with such eminently cosmopolitan men of letters as Zweig and Werfel. Here he developed a lively interest in the literary and political movements of the twenties and became friendly with such leading expressionists as Brecht, Bronnen and Becher, all three today active in the Communist German democratic republic. Somewhere along the line he changed from the orthodox social democracy prevalent among Viennese intellectuals of the time and became a Communist. Part of the Fascist occupation he spent in Moscow, but returned to Vienna in 1945, apparently unharmed and un-indoctrinated, to take over the ministry of education in the first postwar cabinet, a position he held until the break-up of the three party coalition in 1947.

THE TONE he has set for the party executive hierarchy has been responsible for its peculiar shade. For the Austrian CP harbors among its leadership one of the greatest collections of homeless cosmopolitan intellectuals in the world. There is no split here, as in France, between tough street fighters like Maurice Thorez and refined poets like Aragon. Fischer exercises the functions of both, even though his sympathies lie more with Aragon. His translations of Baudelaire are among the finest in the German language, and his plays, though no artistic masterpieces, are a long way removed from the typical products of Soviet socialist-realists. For years the democratic press has been prophesying an early end for Fischer and his unreliable friends. However, it now seems safe to assume that short of a complete Soviet take over, the colonel's son can go on cutting his unusual capers. (Recently, though, he has been severely attacked in East Germany for his enthusiastic support of Hanns Eisler's Faust Opera, which, shortly before its premiere, was blasted as bourgeois and formalistic and now will not be performed. This disgrace for Gerhardt Eisler's brother is chiefly due to the preponderance of symbolic content in the work.)

PARTLY this is due to the structure of the Austrian CP itself. It definitely is not a workers' party; rather its membership is composed of retired officials with imposing sounding titles based on at least a few years university training, and the so-called *Lumpenproletariat,* made up of unskilled laborers and the perennially unemployed. For them Fischer has become a symbol of comforting familiarity coupled with hope for a better material future. Perhaps that is why corruption in the CP, a vice present in all parties to a degree that staggers the imagination, is treated rather lightly. Everybody knows that party leaders live way above their income. Should anyone be tactless enough to mention this, the frank Communist answer is that sure we're corrupt, but we're nowhere near as corrupt as the others.

It is this veneer of Western style salon Communism that has given form to the party's cultural politics and its attitude toward intellectuals in general, an attitude extremely difficult to bring into line even with the one practised in Paris or Rome. Not that Communist concessions made to Western artistic ideas are any greater (Picasso, Dufy, Eluard and Aragon himself are hard to beat), but their thunder against formalism is tempered with a missionary zeal to convert the poor misguided sheep to more orthodox modes of expression.

Victor Matejka, who until 1949 was in charge of the cultural affairs of the city government of Vienna and who now edits the bimonthly literary periodical *Tagebuch* (published jointly by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him, Fischer and Bruno Frey, editor of the CP organ *Der Abend,* did a remarkably competent job both of restoring the city's badly damaged art treasures and of supporting and encouraging young unknown artists. With practically no money at his disposal he organized exhibitions, bought modern pictures for the city collections and helped wherever he saw talent in need. And even now in his editorial capacity, the art reviews he writes could appear in the *New Yorker* without much modification. Repeatedly he has called for greater abstraction in painting where this will serve to heighten the inner reality and cohesion of the work. His periodical has spoken in glowing terms of Paul Klee and Marc Chagall. Their reviews about the French type "boulevard" plays, usually castigated as the worst form of Western degeneracy, are milder than in New York or Paris.

MATEJKA is as fine an illustration of the paradoxical nature of Austrian Communists as one is likely to find. Before the war he was a respected Catholic art critic, who held a responsible position in the cultural committee of the Dolfuss organized labor union. Arrested immediately after the Anschluss in 1938, he spent most of the war in and out of concentration camps. Where and why he lost his faith and was converted to Communism is still a mystery. Luckily he was johnny-on-the-spot when the Russians came and was given his highly important post. He too is supposed to be one of the leading candidates for the axe, when and if the expected purge comes, though it is generally rumored that he is none too happy about his present position and would like to find a way of quitting the party before it is too late.

Just how far the *Tagebuch* will go in the quest to catch Austria's intellectuals in the Communist net is illustrated by a very revealing article written by the official party art critic, Johann Muschik some time ago. It is a sort of index to writers and artists acceptable to the Communists with detailed reasons for admittance and rejection. On first reading, the list is really quite remarkable, for not only does it include Rilke (though not his imitators), in itself surprising enough when one considers that the Soviets never had much patience with sensibility and sensations not usable in the class struggle, but also, though with apparent misgivings, Kafka and to some extent even Joyce. True in the latter two cases Muschik leaves himself room for a later withdrawal by roundly condemning the schools that have sprung up around the two names as unrealistic and passive, but the mere fact of their being mentioned emphasizes the enormous difference in approach between the Austrians and their nearest comrades, the Socialist Unity Party of East Germany.

The cultural pages of the two official East German papers, *Neues Deutschland* and *Taegliche Rundschau,* are filled with articles about the necessity of a "positive" point of view in Socialist art. It is not enough to criticize the decadent West. The time has come to sing the praises of the workers who have made this possible. Again and again authors are exhorted not to use characters in their plays and books who originally come from the bourgeois classes, but to get their inspiration from the proletariat. This, incidentally, was one of the main points of censure against Fischer's play. There the characters are drawn from the author's own social background, the heroes as well as the villains. Yet in spite of this, no such pressure is exerted on the Austrians to conform. Of course every time word came from above, a slight realignment did take place, but never a decisive one.

A GOOD EXAMPLE is the party theatre in Vienna, the *Scala.* It was formed in 1948 by Communist actors who had spent the war in Switzerland, where they had helped make the Zurich playhouse the best German theatre of the time. Its leading members like Karl Paryla, Wolfgang Heinz and Erika Pellikowsky are on par with the finest actors now playing on any German stage. In the course of the years they have established themselves as a repertory company of some merit whose most glaring fault is the introduction of the party line into almost everything that wanders across their footlights. Even a highly political play like Beaumarchais' *The Marriage of Figaro* had its little Communist twist to make sure that the point drove home. At the end, a highly excited youngster comes up to Count Almaviva and excuses the premature beginning of the fireworks by crying out that "youth cannot wait."

Dutifully the *Scala* has produced plays by Stalin prize winners about Russia every so often, but the greater part of their program has been devoted to popular classics of Austrian literature, a great deal of Shakespeare and Shaw, and a number of modern American plays like Odets *Golden Boy* and *Deep Are the Roots.* Complaints that more room should be given to Russian plays have, at times, been quite vociferous. But Heinz and Paryla know that their theatre will only be emptier than it already is, if they indulge too often in this form of party loyalty.

WHAT, then, has been the achievement of all these extraordinary concessions? To what extent have the Communists been able to convince Austrian intellectuals of the value of their cause? Again the answer is one of abject failure. At no time since 1947 have they been able to dent the solidly anti-Moscow front presented by the Austrian intelligentsia, who, as a class, would seem to have even more reason to listen to the Communist inducements than the working population. Their economic situation is nearly desperate. Of all income groups they rank among the lowest. Spiritually they feel themselves to be at the edge of the Western orbit and often unfairly neglected by other countries and especially by their own government and people. However, an overabundance of experience with totalitarian governments and an extreme dislike of all forms of political pageantry and spectacle, something the Communists love almost as much as the Nazis used to, have served as a most effective vaccine.

The other important factor in the party's lack of success is Marshal Tito. His break with Moscow caused an internal rupture in the Austrian ranks, which, though not noticeable in the total vote, was mainly intellectually inspired. A sizeable number of party functionaries, who had spent the war with the Yugoslav partisans, quit and joined the Social Democrats. How many Titoists stayed on, no one knows. Certainly if ever anyone was ripe for a purge, it was Ernst Fischer and Co. Yet the blow never came.

Westernized CP newspapermen, writers and critics still meet their democratic opposite numbers in the cafes of the inner city to spend hours with usually idle and unpolitical conversation. The Russian controlled Austrian national radio gave jobs to men like Erich Neu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

berg, who runs a cellar theatre in one of the cafes on the Ringstrasse in which last year he put on the only play by Stalin prize winner Valentin Katajew not shown in Moscow, and right after that scheduled Sartre's *Red Gloves.* Hoffman, theatre critic of the Soviet-run *Oesterreichische Zeitung,* only avoids his Western colleagues first nights, when his bosses are watching.

Of late the social gulf has widened somewhat as the verbal barrages have become sharper. But the general picture of Western European cultural life remains. Far from being the only sharp, intelligent and alive men on the scene, as in Koestler's novel, *The Age of Longing,* the Communists here are at least as spiritually unsure of themselves as the partisans of the West. Many of the so called "London" Communists, long since disgraced in East Berlin and removed from all positions of importance, have found a tolerant acceptance and even work in their own field, among their Austrian comrades. And though, as all good Communists should, they too deplore the country's sleeping sickness, they turn a pale yellow at the thought of having to return to the German Democratic Republic.

How long this state of things can last is anybody's guess. There can be little propaganda value in letting it continue, quite the contrary. On the other hand, the Russians may be convinced that the general apathy of party leaders is an effective enough barrier against any really serious deviations, and that the continued occupation of the country by the Red army makes any hope of winning elections on a secret ballot well nigh impossible, no matter how the party is run.

Mann — Death and Transfiguration

by Joseph Frank

THOMAS MANN is now in his seventy-sixth year, and it is only natural that his latest work—a brief novella called in German *Die Betrogene* (*The Deceived*)—should turn to a typical crisis of old age for its central symbol. In contemporary English literature, this crisis has also preoccupied the later poetry of W. B. Yeats, another great writer whose genius has waxed rather than waned with advancing age. And no better description can be found of the dilemma of Mann's heroine in *The Black Swan* than these lines from Yeats:

> What shall I do with this absurdity—
> O heart, O troubled heart—this
> caricature,
> Decrepit age that has been tied to me
> As to a dog's tail?
> Never had I more
> Excited, passionate, fantastical
> Imagination, nor an ear and eye
> That more expected the impossible. . . .

It is this paradox of the failing body and the youthful spirit that Mann portrays in the history of Rosalie von Tummler, and which he transposes into his familiar symbolism of the dialectic between Nature and Spirit. Unlike Yeats, however, Mann does not wish to flee to a timeless Byzantium where nature is totally transformed into "monuments of unageing intellect"; nor does he desire to be gathered "into the artifice of eternity." This would be to sacrifice Nature to Spirit, and, for Thomas Mann, it is man's tragedy as well as his blessing that he stands midway between the two. For man is nothing if not

The Black Swan, by Thomas Mann (Knopf; $2.75).

"master of contradictories," as Mann wrote in the great snow-vision scene of *The Magic Mountain.* And even though, in *The Black Swan,* this reconciliation of Nature and Spirit is based on a terrible illusion, perhaps, Thomas Mann implies, this illusion is finally the only human reality.

Mann's heroine in *The Black Swan* is an ageing German woman past her female prime, who falls in love with the young American tutor of her son. The freshness of her emotion, however, is in painful contrast with her physical debility, although externally she is still attractive enough to a young lover. Her daughter Anna advises her to reconcile this dilemma by adjusting her soul to her body, turning her love for the young man into a maternal affection that takes cognizance of her years. But Rosalie accepts her disequilibrium with agonizing joy, and refuses to strike Nature in the face "by stifling the spring of pain with which she has miraculously blest my soul."

For one moment, indeed, it seems as if Rosalie's faith in Nature's omnipotence were to be rewarded. The forces of her soul apparently exercise a miraculous effect on her body and her womanly functions are restored. But nature's miracle turns out to have been the presage of a deadly cancer; and she dies shortly thereafter. Yet she tells her daughter Anna at the end:

> Never say that Nature deceived me, that she is sardonic and cruel. Do not rail at her, as I do not. I am loth to go away—from you all, from life and its spring. But how should there be spring without death? Indeed, death is a great instrument of life, and if for me it borrowed the guise of resurrection, of the joy of life, that was not a lie, but goodness and mercy.

Besides Rosalie, the only other figures in the book of any consequence are the daughter Anna and Ken Keaton, the young American. Rosalie's intuitive trust in the organic forces of life, her refusal to reconcile herself willingly to sedate sterility, are juxtaposed against Anna's antipathy to Nature and to the organic. Anna is a character familiar to all readers of Mann's early work—the artist whose absorption in the realm of the Spirit is symbolized by a physical disability. For Anna, born a clubfoot, is also an abstract artist, the one being a function of the other; both represent her alienation from life, which she transforms into intellectualized patterns on the canvas. Ken Keaton, the young American with a passion for local Rhineland history, is an amiable nonentity whom Mann good-naturedly caricatures.

None of the characters is developed with enough amplitude to make them very interesting, and Mann lavishes all his attention on the invention of symbolic detail. What determines the pat-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tern of symbolism, of course, is the special quality of Rosalie's experience—the deceptive flowering of life and joy from death and corruption. Rosalie and Anna, in the course of a woodland walk, come upon a decaying piece of excrement and the rotting corpse of a disintegrating animal. But this disgusting pile exhales the distinct scent of a musk-like perfume; and so too is Rosalie's late blossoming, as she will learn all too soon, the effect of organic decay. Similarly, the scene in which Rosalie declares her love for Ken takes place in the abandoned rococo alcove of an old castle, once a pleasure-chamber for aristocrats but now mouldering with damp and presided over by a decrepit Cupid.

Given the nature of Mann's symbolic purpose, it is quite understandable that *The Black Swan* should abound in slightly scabrous and repellant physical detail. This is not the first time that Mann has employed such material; and the critical question is whether he succeeds here, as he has in the past, in making the symbolic value of such material outweigh its ugliness. So far as *The Black Swan* is concerned, the answer must be that he does not.

Far too much of the brief novella is taken up with elaborate dialogues between Rosalie and Anna on intimate problems of female physiology; and Rosalie's experience never rises above the biological level. The human dimension of her metamorphosis is hardly developed at all, and the result is that her dying speech carries little conviction in terms of her character. Mann's intention in *The Black Swan* is movingly clear, and it is impossible not to respond to his mastery in certain descriptive passages; but his execution seems far too summary and perfunctory for so difficult an artistic task.

Thematically, *The Black Swan* is most clearly related to *The Transposed Heads*, a work that Mann himself called "a metaphysical farce." There too Nature played her tricks on man, and body and soul could never quite get into the proper relation to each other; but the earlier work was conceived in a far more light-hearted spirit. The exotic Indian coloring of *The Transposed Heads* gave it the air of a fable or a fairy-tale; its delicious irony arose precisely from its remoteness and incredibility. *The Black Swan*, however, is set in twentieth-century Germany, and there is a macabre cruelty about the situation which, combined with the lack of fantasy, creates a distressing uncertainty of tone. The situation is too tragic to be taken as a joke, yet it is difficult to know whether Mann is being consciously or unconsciously grotesque when Rosalie says fondly of Ken Keaton: "In any case, he sacrificed one of his kidneys on the altar of his fatherland!"

Thomas Mann's work has a tendency to run in cycles, and it may well be that *The Black Swan* is the first imperfect approximation to the serious treatment of the theme handled comically in *The Transposed Heads*. Between this Indian *jeu d'esprit* and *The Black Swan*, Mann has interposed two major works of a different cycle. Both *Dr. Faustus* (whose towering greatness has not yet been fully appreciated in this country) and *The Holy Sinner* dealt with sin and grace rather than with the body and the soul—the first book with apocalyptic seriousness, the second in a vein of affectionate parody and a mood of reconciliation. Perhaps Mann is now going back to the body-soul entanglement, and, reversing the order of his sin-grace cycle, converting his metaphysical farce into a metaphysical morality. If so, *The Black Swan* shows that he has not yet found the proper means to make this transition successfully.

Fear and Trembling

FEAR is the dominant mood of Christopher Isherwood's earlier novels. To understand the situation Isherwood dramatizes think of a young man trying to write a lyric poem about Identity or Love or Life in the midst of a demolition squad busily destroying his house, his home, his country. What does history have to do with me, the composite hero ponders, and I with history? In such a world as this what meaning can be attached to private acts of art and love? In *The Memorial* the fearful mood of England after the first World War is presented through the breakdown of a family. Nobody loves nor understands anybody else, and the new blind generation either gropes in darkness for some kind of communion or else abandons itself to fads and sensuality.

The World in the Evening, by Christopher Isherwood (Random House; $3.50).

The next three novels are about the long Hitlerian night over Europe, and can be read as one book: the narrator of the first two, *The Last of Mr. Norris*, and *Goodbye to Berlin* (which Isherwood considered calling, rather explicitly, *The Lost*), is a sensitive young artist, nominally a Communist, actually a spectator of history, a camera not much involved in life. *Goodbye to Berlin* contains an epiphany of these novels in Herman Müller's funeral procession seen from a balcony:

> Say, who was this guy anyway?" asked Clive looking down. "I guess he must have been a big swell?"
>
> "God knows," Sally answered, yawning. "Look, Clive darling, isn't it a marvelous sunset?"
>
> She was quite right. We had nothing to do with those Germans down there. . . . In a few days . . . we shall have forfeited all kinship with ninety-nine percent of the population of the world. . . . Yes . . . I've done it, now, I am lost.

In *Prater Violet*, the demolition squad is more active, the narrator, even more of an observer. Isherwood's retreat from politics is evident here. The novel concerns an artist-director who is tapped by history (his family is caught in Austria during the Dollfuss betrayal of 1934). He sums up his dilemma as a man in history and out of it: "To make such a picture at such a moment is definitely heartless," his political self says; "It covers up the dirty syphilitic sores with rose leaves." While the director is suffering, the narrator watches, sympathizes, ends by thinking long on Love and Fear.

In Isherwood's latest novel, *The World In the Evening*, the time is 1941-42, and though the demolition squad has lighted all its fuses, the detonations smack of movie track sound effects. The narrator, Stephen Monk, is, first of all, in America, three thousand miles away from the mess. Monk is concerned less with politics than with self discovery. Married to Elizabeth Rydal, a novelist, he then has a passionate affair with a young man, next with a young fleshly All-American girl whom he marries

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Random House BOOKS

NANCY MITFORD
MADAME DE POMPADOUR
"Sparkling, witty biography of the greatest courtesan in history."—*N. Y. World Telegram.* *Illustrated, $4.75*

PÄR LAGERKVIST
THE ETERNAL SMILE
The extraordinary short novels and stories of the winner of the 1951 Nobel Prize for Literature. $4.50

WILLIAM FAULKNER
THE FAULKNER READER
A superb 748-page anthology; a rich harvest of Faulkner writings. $5.00

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD
THE WORLD IN THE EVENING
The first new novel in nine years by the author of *Prater Violet* and *The Berlin Stories.* $3.50

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS
THE DESERT MUSIC
"One reads these poems with the feeling that: They have kept the best wine until last."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $3.00

The AMERICAN COLLEGE DICTIONARY
"The finest 'college' dictionary." — *Life.* Wide selection of beautiful bindings from $5.00 to $12.50.

At all bookstores, Random House, N.Y.
Send for complete catalog of Modern Library and Landmark Books

after the death of Elizabeth. He spends most of the novel re-reading Elizabeth's letters to discover what It All Means.

At the end of *Prater Violet*, the question is asked: "Why is all this bearable? What makes you bear it?" Stephen Monk thinks he has the answer: "Life is bearable because we know, or think we know, that it has a meaning." Where is the meaning to be found? In an "escape from the world of the newspapers into the world of Elizabeth"—that is, Isherwood joins Waugh and Greene and Huxley in an escape from history.

Meaning can be found in Belief, in Togetherness, or in the discovery that all are part of "the wave of love" or the spiritual It. Meaning is to be found in the measurable experiences of individuals, not in the events of history, which, for the past twenty-five years, have babbled absurdity or hate.

But the old Isherwood world in which fear dominated the feelings of his characters is still present in *The World in the Evening*. It is contained in the letters of Elizabeth Rydal and in Monk's reminiscences of her. She is another Isherwoodian artist in the modern world but, far superior to the earlier characters, she is involved in life. Not only is she a sensitive human being almost paralyzed with the fear of Europe's "hate-disease," but she also lives in covert fear of her own death. Awareness itself, she is doubleness itself: she fears hate and finds herself powerless to stop hating. Like the artist of *Prater Violet* she wonders in 1933 what meanings can be attached to "one's private aches and woes" while "that hideous screaming voice of Hitler's" celebrates hate. And what about art? she asks:

> What's the use of this game with words and shades of meaning and feeling? Oughtn't I to be *doing* something to try to stop the spread of this hate-disease? . . . But, of course, this very feeling of guilt and inadequacy is really a symptom of the disease itself. . . . The only way I can fight the disease effectively is to go on with the work I understand. . . . Then at least I shan't be paralyzed.

The new thing in this book is the extra dimension given to the artist. She *does* succumb to the hate-disease, not through fear of Hitler but through fear of growing old, of losing her attachments to the real world. Twelve years older than Stephen, unable to bear him a child, knowing of his bi-sexual infidelities, she gives away to hate: "I do sometimes hate the young vital people I see on the beach," she writes; "I shouldn't grudge them their little hour of health and strength, I tell myself—and yet I want to spoil it, like some evil old witch. I want to make them aware, just for one instant, of their latter end. I want them to suffer fear, and smell the smell of death. Yes, God forgive me, I do."

Before her death Elizabeth comes to understand why life is bearable. Her own life, betrayed though she might have been, has meaning outside of history, as part of a spiritual It which teaches her love and forgiveness, the lessons all the good characters—and there really aren't any who aren't good—learn in this book. It is suggested that love and goodness rub off one character on to another and that in this way malice and ugliness are transformed.

Homosexuality is proposed more explicitly than in any of the earlier novels as an honest, passionate relationship between men of strong character. There is even some talk about the laws of the land becoming aware of the facts of life. One of the "good" characters has two experiences of great meaning in this book, one when she seems to project a spiritual calm which is supernatural, the other when she realizes how narrow minded the Quaker community has been about two male lovers. Stephen Monk at the end of the novel is counseled by his divorced second wife to become a confirmed homosexual. All discussions are straight-forward, friendly, grown-up.

But don't get the idea that this is a book of resolution—many of the resolutions come after the characters have had five or six drinks—even though it does end "happily" with Stephen being forgiving and forgiven all over the place, and with all the good characters showing just how good they really are. The doubleness remains. The same man who seeks human and spiritual love is a prey to sensuality; and though individuality is a means of salvation, the ego is a force for destruction.

J. B. LUDWIG

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FILMS

SOME WEST GERMAN film producers are talking about making movies especially for the American market—another sign of industrial vitality, we may suppose. A few interesting German films have tried to buck the post-war indifference towards things German here: *The Blum Affair,* and *Die Fledermaus,* for example. But like most of the British, French and Italian films whose US success the Germans envy, these were made first and most of all for audiences in their own country. There is a dubious premise to the German argument that the increasing favor for foreign films appears to indicate that they can make American films for Americans as well—or better—than our own producers. Hollywood films often are slanted towards the overseas box-office, but they remain American films, to be sure, for better or worse. Quality emerges out of mastery of one's own style and technique. Some current foreign imports illustrate the point.

Scotch on the Rocks is an imitation —but an imitation of another British film, *Whisky Galore,* which was released here as *Tight Little Island.* Again, there is the pressure of British bureaucracy on quaint, clannishly individualistic Highlanders. And again, the Sassenachs succumb to Scottish wile and charm, amid comically improbable adventures. But while *Scotch* may be *Whisky* in considerable dilution, it has genuine flavor of its own; if it imitates, at least the model is authentically native, and not itself poor mimicry of foreign bottlings.

Produced for Group Three by John Grierson, and directed by John Eldridge, the film visually makes the most of its locals in the bleak Hebrides, and squeezes a few tasty drops of genre humor from an assortment of Highland types.

★

From the first moments of a superlative opening that sets the scene as late Victorian by showing a row of fashionable boots of the time, and introduces the leading character with a great Falstaffian belch, *Hobson's Choice* is unmitigated delight. Following the old play by Harold Brighouse, the story tells of the humiliation of a preposterous Lancashire bourgeois, under the stern hand of his daughter and the best bootmaker of his shop, whom she raises from mock servility to be her husband and her father's partner. Good satire demands fundamental authenticity, and David Lean's production and direction faithfully reconstructs a lost empire of the middle class, deftly integrating broad caricature and subtle characterization.

As a man of really titanic physical and mental flatulence, Charles Laughton has his part of parts, richly comical in depth and fully realized in pathetic pomposity. His superb acting is matched by Brenda de Banzie as his determined, outwardly adamant and inwardly gentle daughter, and by John Mills, who gives more stirring evidence of his range in projecting the gradual transformation of the humble journeyman.

★

The Red Inn, written by Jean Aurenche and directed by Claude Autant-Lara—the makers of *The Devil In The Flesh*—is a kind of grisly joke that could never be made here. For one thing, its comical monk and occasional happy irreverence would not fit current American conventions. But most of all, the film depends on a sense of comedy that finds the drollery of Balzac and the dread rituals of Grand Guignol a tasty combination. A sort of *reductio ad Gallios* of the idea of *A Slight Case of Murder,* the film relishes the frantic efforts of a monk to prevent the wholesale murder of a diligence-load of travelers at an isolated inn, whose keepers for years have engaged in the inhospitality of killing and robbing their guests. His dilemma is that he learns of the profitably nefarious practice from the hostess' confession, which, of course, he must keep confidential in sacred trust. His antics to save his own skin and those of the travelers, while unsuccessfully trying to keep his young novice from returning to the world, in the person of the innkeeper's pretty young daughter, make for some delightful suspense. Fernandel clowns broadly as the monk, Françoise Rosay is piously malevolent as the innkeeper's wife, and Carette is a proper villain as her husband. There is a consistently ironic ending to this film, whose offbeat comic virtues—albeit among faults —are made possible only in a peculiarly French milieu.

★

As quintessentially French, yet having the universal appeal of the great comedies of the silent screen, is Jacques Tati's *Mr. Hulot's Holiday.* Without exaggeration, this film has some of the funniest visual satire since Chaplin, abetted by hilarious sound effects. The opening, for example, takes off the thunderously echoing inaudibility of railway-station loudspeakers, achieving an amazing humor through sheer noise —although the antics of the vacationers are ludicrous enough. The repertoire of wheezes, backfires, creaks, rasps, and gurgles of Hulot's delightfully impossible little flivver create an aural personality as distinctive as that of Alec Guinness' bubbling apparatus in *The Man In The White Suit.* But the sounds are only spice.

Tati, who directed, produced and helped write the film, stars as M. Hulot himself. Here is a conception worthy of Daudet's *Tartarin,* as well as of Chaplin and Keaton. Through the whole of film, there runs a shrewd satire of vacation time and folk, the film proceeding in daily episodes much as a vacation is measured, from day to day, each its own era. You will not forget Hulot's well-meaning ineptitude, that rises to empyreal absurdity. Playing preposterous tennis, wrestling with perpetually dripping taffy, blundering into a funeral, or being shot off a tow-line like a belt from a cross-bow, he is the most engagingly slapstick Frenchman since the best René Clair. With little dialogue, the film achieves a kind of comedy that becomes universally apposite because it so penetratingly satirizes people in a particular time and place in a style that is unique and wholly accomplished. MARTIN S. DWORKIN

Notes on the Critics

JOHN DEAN is an American journalist who lives in England. JOSEPH FRANK is a critic of Modern European art and literature. J. B. LUDWIG is a young Canadian writer; he teaches at Bard College. MARTIN S. DWORKIN has served with the Motion Picture Service of the Department of State.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A COMMUNICATION

The Profession of Perjury

MOST Americans were shocked when they read, in the newspapers on May 27 and 28, that Nobel Peace Prize winner Ralph Bunche was being subjected to a long and arduous loyalty probe by the International Organizations' Employees Loyalty Board, created by President Eisenhower to examine the loyalty of American citizens employed by the United Nations.

It was a closed hearing; the evidence remains secret. The *New York Times* and other newspapers, however, disclosed the names of his accusers: Manning Johnson and Leonard Patterson. Of the latter I have nothing to say. Manning Johnson, however, is a man of whom I have reason to speak.

Johnson is a professional informer employed by the Immigration and Naturalization service of the Justice Department. According to his own testimony, he was a member of the Communist Party from 1930 to 1939, a national organizer of its Trade Union Unity League, and from 1936 to 1939 a member of the party's National Committee and of its Negro Commission. He has testified in about 25 court cases and before Loyalty Boards, Congressional hearings and State Un-American Activities Committees.

I have never met Manning Johnson, though he has claimed to have met me a number of times. The following narrative illustrates his "reliability" as a witness:

In the summer of 1948, a Washington State legislative committee on un-American activities—the Canwell Committee—conducted a public hearing into alleged subversive activities at the University of Washington. At this hearing one person accused me of having been a member of the Communist Party. This witness, George Hewitt, had been, like Manning Johnson, a member of the National Committee of the Communist Party. Although I had never laid eyes on him prior to the Canwell hearings, Hewitt swore that he had been my teacher at a highly secret Communist school at Briehl's Farm, near Kingston, New York, for a period of about six weeks in the Summer of 1938 or 1939, later declaring that he was positive the date was 1938. I denied these charges under oath, swore that I had never been a Communist and had never been in New York State, and promptly took steps to have Hewitt arrested as a perjurer. To protect him from being questioned by the chief deputy Prosecuting Attorney, the agents of the Canwell Committee rushed him to the Seattle airport and spirited him out of the State.

BUT HEWITT was finally indicted for perjury and arrested; he resisted extradition, and Manning Johnson rushed to his defense. In an affidavit which he signed on September 20, 1948, Johnson declared:

> that he personally remembered me "as having been present at the Communist Party School held at Briehl's Farm near Kingston, New York, in the summer of 1938," that he further met me at "Communist Party headquarters, 50 East 13th Street, New York, in the executive offices on the 9th floor, on various occasions in the Summer of 1938."

At a *habeas corpus* hearing in Judge Aaron J. Levy's court in New York City on May 12, 1949, after being shown a picture of me, Johnson testified:

> that he had seen the person pictured "a number of times, going in and out of the office" at the party's national headquarters in the Summer of 1938; further he swore that he had visited the Briehl's Farm school during the summer to deliver a lecture, and "during the course of my lecturing . . . I had the occasion of seeing Professor Rader. He was one of the students in that class."

On cross-examination, he was twice asked if he was "positive that is the picture of the man you saw up at Briehl's school up at Kingston, New York?" His answer was, "I'm positive."

Johnson's entire testimony was false; the facts were told by Edwin O. Guthman of the *Seattle Times* in articles which won the Pulitzer prize for the best national reporting of 1949, and by Vern Countryman, Professor of Law at Yale University, in *Un-American Activities in the State of Washington,* Cornell University Press, 1951. Some of the main items of evidence are as follows:

> The records of the University of Washington Comptroller's office prove that I taught summer school in 1938 until July 20.
>
> Affidavits from the former owner and care-taker of Canyon Creek Lodge, a resort near Seattle, confirm the fact, that I, my wife, and one child were guests at the Lodge for about a month in the summer of 1938.
>
> My signature on the register of the Lodge, which was carried away by staff investigators of the Canwell Committee and suppressed for over a year, was finally, under pressure, produced by the Committee, and established that I was at the Lodge in 1938.
>
> A rent receipt book, finally located by the former owner of the Lodge, contained the record of my having paid rent to occupy a cabin at Canyon Creek for August and up to September 5, 1938.
>
> The records in the office of Dr. Carl Jensen, Seattle eye specialist, show that on August 15, 1938 (right in the middle of the period when I was allegedly in New York State) he tested my eyes in Seattle and gave me a prescription for new glasses.
>
> The voting records kept in the office of the City Clerk, Seattle, show that I voted in Seattle in the primary election of September 13, 1938.

AFTER conducting a very searching investigation, the Attorney General of the state of Washington, issued an official report on May 5, 1950, in which he declared: "The only reasonable conclusion that can be reached . . . is that George Hewitt did not tell the truth." Raymond B. Allen, then President of the University of Washington, after thoroughly reviewing the evidence, rejected the accusations of Hewitt and Johnson in language no less positive.

Even though the facts that prove Johnson a perjurer have been widely publicized, he has continued his career as a consultant and professional witness in the employ of the Justice Department. Similarly, George Hewitt was used several times as a witness by the government while he was under indictment for perjury.

MELVIN RADER
University of Washington

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BANDWAGON

Big Chief Crow of Madison Ave.

MR. EVANS HOUGHTON, of New York and Towaco, N. J., is one of the promising employees in the Selvage, Lee & Chase advertising stables, currently much occupied with the promotion of 86-proof Old Crow. Granted, Houghton did not know, when he retained the Crow Indians to plug his bourbon, that they had voted to retain prohibition. Not until the very last moment did he learn of it. But whatever doubts and fears assailed him then, he vanquished—had vanquished years ago, on the playing fields of Hearst. Foot in mouth at a jaunty angle, he proceeded to administer to the public as stiff a dose of relations as it's had from New York's Madison Ave. in a long time.

Last September, Mr. Stuart Little of the same ad agency set a gruelling pace when he won *Time* and *Newsweek* praise for a maneuver which got Crow bourbon free space in more than 100 dailies, including the *Christian Science Monitor,* Mr. Little's ingenious low-budget promotion was simply a crank letter to all these papers, asking the aid of readers in his project to determine the maximum age attainable by Corvus Americanus. His folksy prose was spiked with references to this and that old crow of his acquaintance, and one bare-faced mention of a well-known beverage. Such oblique free plugs presumably are worth Mr. Little's salary to Selvage, Lee & Chase, and *their* fee from National Distillers, whose menagerie includes both the original 100-proof Old Crow and the new watered-down 86-proof subspecies.

No such modest undertaking was that of Mr. Houghton. On a $35,000 budget, he recently brought charter flights and DRIVEURSELF fleets of company brass, film crews from both coasts, and a complete Indian tribe to a ramshackle dance hall at a Montana whistle-stop, all to allure a press not only fickle but forewarned.

The press neither came nor saw, but was conquered, and the wires next day chattered the exact words of Mr. Houghton's copy, describing a colorful Indian adoption ceremony in which "Eric Stainton, Kentucky beverage company official, became the adopted son of Samson Bird in the Ground," taking the tribal name of *Old Crow.*

"The adoption," said the press, "was in recognition of Stainton's efforts in connection with making the Crow name known throughout the country and in plans now being prepared to aid the tribe in cultural and educational needs."

It was hardly necessary for the press to explain that the beverage company official was vice-president of National Distillers, who sell Old Crow whisky, or to elaborate upon the means and the undoubted value to the Crows of making their teetotaling name known throughout the country, or to detail the cultural and educational plans, which in fact amounted to a $500 contribution toward a new dance hall.

The adoption itself was more than anyone had bargained for. The Crows, who are infinitely more adept than any Hudson River tribe at manufacturing sincerity, all but reduced their steely paleface guests to tears.

THE CEREMONY in the mud-chinked log hall at Lodge Grass was a wild and wonderful spectacle of barbaric song and dance, generating a significance of its own. The Indians had dropped their university accents, donned their most gorgeous finery and covered their short hair with braided wigs, to indulge in a kind of mass make-believe which appeared to be as satisfying to themselves as it was captivating to their captors. Drums exploded and tribal chants howled down paradox, within earshot of disapproving missions to which most of the dancers pay homage, in a village where a drink is a federal crime.

There developed an obvious eagerness on the part of all to play the game, to overleap the venal rite and reinvest it with an ancient dignity.

ROBERT YELLOWTAIL, the political leader of his people (and also Republican candidate for Senator in Montana's primary this year), declared in their language and in English that "the Crows do not confer this honor promiscuously," that the name *Old Crow* had belonged to a valiant warrior of the old time; that only a man of Eric Stainton's stature could receive it, and that the tribe expected in their new brother such another staunch ally as the first *Old Crow* had been.

MR. STAINTON played his part with dignity and warmth, and, in his British accent, made a graceful speech of acceptance. The mood lingered through the anticlimax of innumerable retakes under the hot lights. *Old Crow* became more than a whisky salesman. He was now the brother and ally of a handsome and hospitable people, and he had no intention of forgetting it. He refused to part with his borrowed headdress, symbolic of new birth—a sentiment which pleased both Crows and Promoter Houghton, but which necessitated a rapid redistribution of wampum between them.

It was a big production and a big success, and for ad-man Houghton it required a full day of emotional unwinding. But as he alternately slept and wept, he cuddled the triumph of the night before. Driving back from Lodge Grass in a rented car, in the afterglow of the great powwow, Mr. Houghton had received his Oscars. *Old Crow* had handsomely promised several new accounts to Selvage, Lee & Chase. And Phil Lukin, the advertising account executive, had bestowed the final word of praise, the ultimate endearment — an unprintable endearment in Hudson River dialect, which meant that Evans Houghton was unquestionably "in."

TED TOWNSEND

Billings, Montana

PRINTED BY NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., 301 N ST., N. E., WASHINGTON 2, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There's One in Every Crowd

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

26 Exciting Issues — only $2.98!

NEW REPUBLIC, 1826 Jefferson Place, NW
Washington 6, DC

Please send the next 26 issues of *NR* to:

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE.....

STATE.....

GIFT SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

26 Weeks
Only $2.98

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED